



JAMES J. CORBETT.

pling the fighter and giving him a vigorous rub down. After a short rest he again donned his fighting costume, this time adding the belt which his wife had made for the occasion. It was of red, white and blue silk, with a green buckle. At one side hung a green silk rosette and streamer.

"Do I look ready?" Corbett asked, as he drew himself up to his full height.

"I should say you do," said Delaney.

"I am glad it's Fitzsimmons you are after instead of me."

Corbett drew his bath robe closely around him and sat down to await the word to the ring, exhibiting not the least nervousness.

"You can see how he feels," said Brady. "He is sure of winning this fight, and that is half the battle. He is the better man, and he is bound to win."

Fitzsimmons and his trainers were up at 7 o'clock this morning, and Bob took a short walk before breakfast "to start the blood going." He did no work after eating, remaining in the open air, leaning against a wall, talking with Julian and his assistants, and playing gently with Yarrum.

The conference with his trainers and helpers was not long, as all the needed advice as to fighting Corbett and meeting his known or possible methods of attack had been given during the progress of Fitzsimmons' work.

"I would not take \$14,000 for the purse this morning," said Fitzsimmons. "I will have it all before night. I do not believe the fight will be a long one. Five rounds is my limit. I think I can land at that time, and if I do that will be the end of the gentleman who has no manners and only pretensions. He may hit me as many times as he can. I believe I can stand it, and the punishment he is able to give me, and be able to put him out when I get a chance. Come around when it is over and you will see what shape I am in."

"Corbett won't be in it," said Julian. "We don't like Siler's ruling about the clinches and breakaways, but we always get the best of it, and we will have to stand it this time, as before. Fitz is fit in every way. He could not be in better condition. He is not as heavy as Corbett, and his victory will be all the more creditable. He will be the greatest fighter in the world—a wonder—before nightfall, and everybody will acknowledge it. His muscles are in the shape we want them. He is not too finely trained, just right—and he can stand any amount of punishment without distress. He can strike a 50 per cent heavier blow than Corbett, and one good punch will put Corbett down and out. Fitzsimmons is a fair, square fighter, one of the fairest and squarest in the ring today, and though we got the worst of it by consenting to tricks with which he is not familiar and has not practiced, we will stand by our agreement to abide by Siler's directions, as we are confident Fitz will win this fight, no matter what Corbett may be able to do in the clinches or when he has one arm free."

Fitz in Fine Condition.

"If you know anything about fighters," said Stelzner, "look at Fitz and tell me if a man could be in better condition. He is as strong as an ox, and can tire out a horse on the road. If you have seen him punch the bag and break the rope holding it you can judge of his cleverness and his quickness of eye, and what a blow he can strike. He may be a little awkward and ungainly, as his enemies say, but he has the endurance to stand punishment, and strength to fight whenever he gets a chance to end it. You will see some good work on his part in the ring. He is a few pounds lighter than Corbett, but that won't make any difference on account of his condition and the power of his arm. He is heavy enough to win. He has the greatest confidence in himself and is a sure winner. He has heard Corbett in his shape, but he cannot be in any better condition than Fitz. You will see a great fight—the greatest in the world, and Fitz will be standing up at the end."

"Fitz will win," said Hickey. "I don't see how he can lose. No man was ever in better condition. Every muscle in his body is right, and his mind could not be better. He has purposely let me hit him in our bouts, and I have put in some good ones, but he did not mind them at all. Corbett may punch him a dozen times, but I don't think he can hit hard enough to make much of an impression, as Fitz can be so perfect that he will be able to recover quickly. Corbett cannot wear him out. All Fitz has to do is to find one stiff jab, long or short, and Corbett will not

get on his feet. The blows of the two men are as a feather to a ton."

"My money is on Fitz," said Roeder. "That shows what I think about him. He is all right. He worked hard and faithfully and could not be in better shape. He strikes like a mule kick. No punishment Corbett can give him can knock him out. If Fitz hits Corbett once, and he is clever enough to do it before many rounds have been fought, you will see Corbett drop and carried to his quarters."

On the Way to the Ringside.

The party began preparing a little after 9 o'clock for the start for the arena, being due there under the order issued by Stuart at 10 sharp. Not much preparation was necessary. Fitz put on his cap and was ready. He wore over his fighting costume of green tights and colors a suit of light checked material, a blue sweater and ordinary shoes. His trainers did not add to their personal adornment, wearing their customary clothes—a red sweater, pair of old trousers and shoes to match.

Before leaving the house Bob kissed the baby and Mrs. Fitzsimmons, and the latter said to him: "I'll tell to hear good news from you."

"You will," replied Fitz. She had no intention of being present at the fight, but arrangements had been made for courier service between the arena and

the arena from the dome of the Capitol.

Corbett's ranch, so she would know without delay what was transpiring in the ring.

Late this morning Mrs. Fitzsimmons changed her mind about not going to the fight and decided that she would watch her husband fight for the championship.

The little party left the ranch in ample time to make the journey of three miles, driving leisurely. The helpers went ahead to get things in readiness at the dressing room. Fitzsimmons and Julian rode in one buggy, and Roeder, Stelzner and Hickey in another close behind and within talking distance.

The road from the ranch to Carson is not lined with objects of interest. It winds through a maze of sage brush for half a mile or more before the monotony is broken by anything worth of attention. Fitzsimmons was in excellent spirit and really in good humor, talking as much as usual to his associates, and, of course, abused Corbett, speaking of the fight as his own. His confidence seemed to be so great that there was no need for encouragement from his companions.

"We will have the purse coming back," said Fitzsimmons.

"Sure," said Stelzner.

"How will Corbett get out of town?" asked Hickey.

"In a box car," growled Julian. "With Jim in the middle."

All laughed at this allusion to a possible funeral.

About half-way between the ranch and town the road runs over a little hill, from which can be seen part of the rough frame building, three miles away, in which Corbett did his indoor work. It stands out prominently owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, and the more so because the construction boards are not yet weather stained. A turn in the road brought the building squarely in the faces of the party, and they could not avoid seeing it unless they held their heads down, and they could

not do so, as they were going to the fight. Not turning away, all saw the structure at the same time, and it naturally provoked talk.

Jesting Over Corbett's Fate.

"Will they carry him in?" asked Fitzsimmons.

"They will carry him back," replied Julian, whereat all chuckled.

"I'll soon have my chance to do him up," said Fitzsimmons.

"And stop his wind," put in Stelzner.

"Yes," said Fitzsimmons, "that is all there is to him. I only want to land once on him."

While passing the penitentiary just beyond the outskirts of the city very little was said. Fitzsimmons being particularly silent. He had visited the institution and he saw the footprints of the prehistoric man, supposed by geologists to have been fourteen feet high. While walking in the vicinity the feet of Fitzsimmons had not made as large an impression in the mud, but the other end of him is so organized that it is not impossible that he thought he was just as big a man as his predecessor, who took his road exercise there about or more than 250,000 years ago.

It was pretty generally known about town what time the fighters were due, and the sidewalks were crowded with people when the Fitzsimmons party drove by. There was no particular enthusiasm, merely a "How are you, Fitz?" or "Wish you luck," or a limited cheer or two from an acquaintance or an admirer.

No time was lost inside the city limits, the horses going at a good jog through the streets, the arena being reached without a mishap.

As Fitzsimmons reached his dressing room he was rubbed down, and in a short time was prepared to answer a summons to face his antagonist in the ring.

Where the Fighters Met.

The arena was about one-third of a mile from the main street of the town, and is located in the center of the race track. The structure is entirely of undressed lumber, and has no top. Arrangements had been made for a canopy covering in case of inclement weather, but unless the snow came down in great force—and it rarely comes down in any other way in Carson—the men were to be compelled to fight practically in the open air.

The arena is a twelve-sided affair, each of the sides being a section and each section containing about 1,300 seats. The seats in each section were divided into three classes, those nearest the ring held at \$40; the seats next above them at \$30 and those at the top, which were not numbered, were sold at \$5. All of them were good, although the view from the cheapest seats was somewhat distant, and the fine points of the fight could not be seen from there. The ring was raised about four feet above the floor, and at each corner was an iron post which was carefully bound up in cotton batting to protect the men in the event of their falling against

it. The floor of the ring was covered with canvas yesterday, although Corbett preferred to fight on the bare boards, as the canvas, he said, was likely to hinder the foot movements of the fighters.

The entrance to the arena was through one gate only, and this was the main one, which was used for similar purposes when racing is in progress. From the gate to the side of the arena stretched a sidewalk of loose planking which affords the spectators passage over the mud that during the last few days had been turned into almost a quagmire by the many people who had been tramping around to see how it looked. There are four tunnels in the side of the building, one each from the north, south, east and west. Above the entrance to each of these tunnels was placed last night a large white cloth bearing in letters the letters of the sections which could be reached by the passageway. underneath. Four stairways on the skirts of the building lead up to the 10 seats.

Big ushers, each armed with a huge cane, were located at the entrance to each passageway, and at the bottom of each stairway, and it was very hard lines for the man who attempted to enter the arena without the proper credentials. No mercy was shown to the bluffer, and he was unceremoniously hustled off the grounds. In justice, however, it must be said that the police arrangements were excellent and there was very little trouble in getting the spectators to their seats. Half an hour the most part knew their business, and there was no more difficulty in handling the crowd than there would have been in a metropolitan theater of much smaller size. Under the seats at the west end of the arena was a small shed about ten by fifteen feet, which was set apart for the use of Fitzsimmons as a dressing room.

The dressing room of Corbett was situated at the south side of the arena. The passages by which the men entered the ring were at right angles to each other. The dressing rooms were so located in order that there would be no possibility of the men or their trainers coming in contact and causing trouble.

CROWDS POUR INTO CARSON.

About 500 Fresh Arrivals There This Morning.

CARSON CITY, Nev., March 17.—Three special trains, which came in this morning, brought the last of the visitors. They were made up of twenty-two sleepers, from San Francisco, but the last section had four day coaches, in which were a few people from the east, those who had been here last night. The large delegation of miners expected from Virginia City did not come, though the mines are well represented.

The arrivals this morning were about 500, making the total strangers in town between three and four thousand. The demand for tickets to the fight was very good this morning. The St. Elmo Hotel, where they were on sale, being crowded. The demand was so brisk, indeed, that the price of the cheapest seats was doubled. The last few rows on the outer edge of the arena had been set aside for people willing to pay only \$5 for admission.

When it was discovered that these seats were selling well, the \$10 seats were just in front of them, there being little difference between the two in desirability. All were placed at \$10 each. The increase did not interfere materially with the sale. The impression had gone abroad among the townspeople that when Stuart found

he had several thousand unsold seats on hand he would be willing to fill at least some of the outer rows of seats by accepting \$1 and \$2 for them. The indications were, however, that there would be a larger number present than Stuart had been hoping for since last Friday. The main street was full of people waiting to see the principals drive in from their quarters on their way to the arena. Fakirs were doing a good business, selling souvenirs in the shape of small boxing gloves, medals, shamrocks and flags. At one of

his direction the ropes were tightened. Sam Sharkey, ready to challenge the winner, climbed in early and examined the ring with the air of a connoisseur. Sharkey was resplendent in a boiled shirt, square-topped derby hat, a gorgeous diamond, a green tie and an enormous green badge in honor of the day.

At 10 o'clock the crowd was still filtering through the gates, and the spectators had but small effect in covering the yellow boards.

Attention for Sullivan.

At 10 o'clock John L. Sullivan entered the arena and took a seat in a box close to the ring. His appearance was the signal for an outburst of cheers. But beyond a broad smile, the ex-champion paid no attention to the demonstration. As the day wore on the warmth of the sun increased. There was no wind, and the weather conditions were perfect. No one seemed to have any definite idea of the hour when the fighters were to go in, but it was understood to be at 11 o'clock.

At 11 o'clock Billy Jordan of San Francisco entered the ring and made the following announcement: "Frank V. Dunn of Boston, in behalf of John L. Sullivan, will challenge the winner in this contest for \$5,000, and he will put up \$1,000 as a deposit."

Jordan said the money was up. This was greeted with cheers and Sullivan was called for. When he reached the ring, he said: "Gentlemen, there is no necessity of my saying anything more. I mean what I say. I am going to try one more battle. There is one fight in me yet."

This speech was greeted with shouts of "Good boy, John." Then there were calls for Sharkey, but he was in the background. Billy Madden then entered the ring, and said: "I have deposited \$2,500 with Warren Lewis of New York for Joe Goddard to fight the winner of this fight, giving him his own time, inside of one year. Also have check for \$2,500 for Sharkey to fight winner, which will be deposited at once."

In response to calls Sharkey climbed into the ring and said: "Gentlemen, I have met both of these men, and I would like to have first chance. I don't think either of them has anything on me."

The crowd cheered and Sharkey climbed off the platform.

Arrival of the Fighters.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Fitzsimmons arrived and went at once to his dressing room. He stood in a row, and so on, not to get cold, and cheerfully chatted with his attendants. At 11 o'clock there was about 3,000 people present, and the crowd seemed to have stopped coming. About a dozen good-looking, well-dressed women were in the crowd. A few wore veils, but the majority braved the gaze of the men.

It did not start from his camp as soon as expected, and he did not reach his dressing room until after Fitzsimmons.

INTEREST IN WASHINGTON.

All Topics Give Place to the Contest at Carson.

The Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight was the only topic of conversation in Washington today, and wherever men—or women either—of the contest were discussed with animation. No more interest could be taken in a presidential election than was shown in the outcome of the contest, and even the great anniversary which distinguishes the day was lost sight of in the eager desire to hear the latest news from Carson. The preponderance of the sentiment of the general public was in favor of Corbett, and the contest of the hundred men and women expressed absolute confidence in the Pompadour's victory, and if any one had the hardihood to voice the contrary for Fitz he or she was immediately requested to show the substance of such an opinion in the shape of dollars and cents. At 12 o'clock the lunch room was full, and the dining room was crowded with guests of the Pompadour. The conversation of the guests was full of allusions to the fight over on a common basis of available information.

Politics, religion, domestic economy and the social sciences were lost sight of, and the all-pervading subject of fistfists ruled the roost.

Among men identified with sports there was a strong Fitzsimmons feeling. Ed. George M. Jones, Dick Lee and Jimmy Jones, who had been in the contest, were identified with the fight. Colonel Charles Campbell was sure of it.

I saw the Fitzsimmons-Dempsey go in New Orleans," said Colonel Campbell, "and after it was over Dempsey told me he had had a perfect child with Fitz; that he could not get away from him, and that he struck him when and where he pleased. I think Fitz has a heavy shade the best of it."

Tom Kinslow, the base ball player, was backing Fitzsimmons, taking the short end of the odds offered, and was confident his man would win.

Inducement on Imaginations.

Around the hotels and saloons it was surprising how the influence of the fight in the atmosphere inspired imaginations. Everybody had evidently been diligently reading up the history of pugilistic events, and one could hear men who had never been south of Quantico in their lives refer to the great prize fighters of the past at the ringside at every flash of importance from the meeting of Sullivan and Kilrain at Mississippi City to the go between Corbett and Charlie Mitchell. Others who would hold their hands over their noses to protect those inviting features if they happened to get in a scrap discoursed on hook fists and upper cut with the same gravity and heavy weights, and explained the advantages Corbett had over Fitzsimmons at last night's fight, and with minute exactness that was marvelous to their hearers.

There was considerable betting in small amounts at odds on Corbett of 5 to 3, but Fitzsimmons backers seemed to be the favorite mode of placing money, especially in the departments and in private establishments where employees are numerous, was to bet on the number of rounds the fight would last. Each entry to a pool of this sort would put up 25 or 50 cents or a dollar as a common bet mark, and a sheet of paper the number of rounds he thought it would take to settle the contest, seal the slip in an envelope, and write his name on the latter. The figures in the envelopes ranged all the way from 4 to 65 and more. When the time approached for something definite to arrive over the wires from Carson crowds gathered in the vicinity of the various places where the returns were to be received, and the business was eagerly awaited. As early as 1 o'clock The Star office was the converging point for scores of spectators, which rapidly increased to hundreds.

The news as it came from the ringside was bulletined on a great blackboard, and in addition to that, announced to the crowd by means of megaphones. Before 3 o'clock thousands of people were assembled in front of the office, and the voice of the announcer, amplified by the megaphone, carried the news to the extreme edge of the crowd.

As the afternoon wore on a more favorable sentiment on the Fitzsimmons side became evident. Gossip carried the news through the crowds that sporting men at Carson were telegraphing to Fitz that he bet on Fitzsimmons because he was as cool as a cucumber this morning, while Corbett showed signs of nervousness and was irritable. Correspondent Boyd of the San Francisco Chronicle, it was said, had received such a telegram from the Chronicle's sporting editor at Carson.

"If Corbett does not keep his head," said an old sporting man, who had been in the crowd, "he will lose the fight. The Pompadour's success, on hearing this, 'It's all up with him. I think he's a better man than Fitz, but there's no discounting Corbett's boxing game and courage. Then, he always keeps a clear head. He's licked everybody Corbett told him to lick, and he's the most reliable fellow in the world. When Fitz went against him, then Corbett got through with him. There's no doubt of Fitz's fighting ability, but I think Corbett will win. If anybody offered a hundred to sixty on Corbett, however, I would take it. It's a simple business proposition. There's no reality a bigger difference than 10 to 9 between 'em.'"

Interest at the Capitol.

Few spectators and representatives were at the Capitol today. Neither house was in session, and the topic of general interest

est was not the tariff bill, but the prize fight. Many statesmen lingered down town to await news from Carson City, and to discuss the fight. Most of those at the Capitol began to show great interest about 2 o'clock and to make inquiries of the Associated Press, The Star and the telegraph companies for news from the fight. The notable exception to this belated interest was furnished by the Senate foreign relations committee, who, as if in protest against the great battle and against violence in general, decided to report the arbitration committee to the Senate. This led to the suggestion that the treaty should be amended so as to provide for the settlement of prize fights by arbitration.

TO FIGHT THE WINNER.

Charley Mitchell Comes to the Front With a Challenge.

Charley Mitchell has come to the front with a challenge to fight the winner of the Carson fight, the following cablegram having been received by George Siler, the referee:

"Mitchell has deposited a forfeit of \$500 with the Sporting Life to fight the winner for \$2,000, or Sullivan, within any reasonable time, either in England or America. Kindly cable reply. ATKINSON.

(Signed) "Sporting Life."

This is the second challenge that has been made to the winner of the first fight, that of Billy Madden, who, Sunday, attempted to get the two men to say that the odds of victory they would fight Joe Goddard.

There are others to come, and it is likely that the winner may be challenged by Peter Maher, "Dancer Ed" Smith and Tom Sharkey.

INTEREST IN LONDON.

Betting Among the Sporting Men is Light.

LONDON, March 17.—The greatest interest is taken here in sporting circles in the prize fight between James J. Corbett and Fitzsimmons, scheduled to be decided today at a Carson City, Nev., "sports" however, cannot understand the odds offered on Corbett in the United States, as even money is the rule here. They recall the fact that Fitzsimmons is alleged to have "sold" a fight to Jim Hall in Sydney, New South Wales, and the bet on him is light. No American money is in sight, and an offer of \$200,000 offered by Fitzsimmons at the National Sporting Club was not taken, Corbett's supporters asking for odds.

THE DAUNTLESS.

Clearance Papers to Be Returned as the Result of a Conference.

The President had a long conference at the White House today with Secretary Sherman, Secretary Gage, Secretary Long and Attorney General McKenna in regard to the enforcement of the neutrality laws against Cuban filibustering expeditions. The question at issue arose in the case of the dauntless, that vessel is now at Jacksonville, Fla., and is applied for clearance with arms and ammunition to New York, Cuba, a port in the control of the Spaniards. There is a well-defined suspicion that she is engaged in a filibustering cruise. The matter was referred to the Attorney General, who today had a conference with his advisers that clearance should be refused in all such cases unless the master of the vessel could make affidavit that he will not violate the letter or the spirit of the neutrality laws.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Ex-President Harrison Appeared as Counsel Today.

Ex-President Harrison appeared as counsel in the Supreme Court of the United States today in the case of the City Railway Company of Indianapolis against the Citizens' Railroad Company of the same city. The case involves the possession of the Indianapolis streets for street car purposes, the Citizens' company being the older concern. General Harrison appeared for the latter company, contending for the perpetuity of its franchise and arguing that the state could not delegate its franchise-granting power to the Indianapolis city council. The entire capacity of the court was taxed by the case, and persons anxious to hear the ex-president speak, Secretary Tracy and ex-Attorney General Miller, two members of the Harrison cabinet, being among the auditors.

THREATS TO LYNCH GORDY.

Feeling Against the Suspected Delinquent is Growing.

Special Dispatch to The Evening Star.

GEORGETOWN, Del., March 17.—Great excitement prevails here over the reported formation of a party to lynch James M. Gordy, the accused murderer of Mrs. Lewis of New York. The coroner's inquest will be held tomorrow, and Coroner John Lewis, who shall be taken to Milton to attend, but Attorney General White fears that the man will be lynched if taken from jail, and he is determined that the state will not permit its coroner, however, says the man must go to the inquest.

Threats of lynching are rife.

If you want anything, try an ad. in The Star. If anybody has what you wish, you will get an answer.

Strange Suicide of a Teacher.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 17.—Mrs. Fannie Shanks, who was one of the best known teachers of dancing in this city, committed suicide early this morning by inhaling illuminating gas. She was aged 45, and had been married to her husband, Milton, for 15 years. She was a devoted wife and mother, and her death was a great loss to her family. The cause of her death is believed to be the result of a long illness.

Two Treasury Appointments.

Secretary Gage today appointed C. C. Tyler of New York chief of division in the office of the auditor for the treasury, vice Mr. Reese, deceased, and promoted A. B. McMillan, chief of the division of \$1,800, vice Tyler, promoted. These appointments are subject to examination.

Sentenced for Assault.

Augustus Dyson, Frank Payne and Lena Payne were tried before Judge Mills today on the charge of assaulting William F. Salter, a constable.

Mr. Salter testified that on February 19 he, with two assistants, went to the house No. 2 G street southwest, occupied by Frank Payne and Augustus Dyson, to remove goods which had been purchased from an installment house and on which payments were due. A row followed, during which Judge Mills sentenced each of the prisoners to a fine of \$10 or thirty days in jail, and on appeal of Lawyer Ricks suspended execution of the sentence in the case of Mrs. Payne for ten days, and that of the men for one week.

Grain and Cotton Markets.

Furnished by W. B. Hibbs & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 142 E. Second St., New York City. Exchange, correspondents Messrs. Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., New York.

Wheat—May..... 74 1/2 74 1/2 74 1/2 74 1/2
Corn—May..... 24 1/2 24 1/2 24 1/2 24 1/2
Oats—May..... 17 1/2 17 1/2 17 1/2 17 1/2
Pork—May..... 8 1/2 8 1/2 8 1/2 8 1/2
Lard—May..... 9 1/2 9 1/2 9 1/2 9 1/2
Ribs—May..... 4 1/2 4 1/2 4 1/2 4 1/2
Cotton—May..... 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2
March..... 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2
April..... 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2
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June..... 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2

Government Bonds.

Quotations reported by Corson & Macartney, Bankers.

2 per cents, registered..... 95 1/2
4 per cents, registered..... 100 1/2
5 per cents, registered..... 100 1/2
6 per cents, registered..... 100 1/2
7 per cents, registered..... 100 1/2
8 per cents, registered..... 100 1/2
9 per cents, registered..... 100 1/2
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